The Intelligencer.

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FREW & CAMPBELL,
PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

THURSDAY, DEC. 13, 1877.

JAMES E. WHARTON.

A Long Letter from a Veteran Wheeling Editor.

Some Interesting Reminiscences of His Career in this City.

PORTSMOUTH, O., December 10.

Editors Intelligencer:

I did not see your INTELLIGENCER during the Centennial year, nor do I suppose I shall at the next Centennial, for I am beginning to look back as they say old men do, and find in my memory many incidents that amuse me and may some of your readers; but if I begin to write of them I fear they may run too long.

Here are a few: Some of your readers may remember when the stages ran from Wheeling to Frederick, sometimes twenty a day each way, and half as many west. No one could go anywhere without going through Wheeling. Indeed, a stranger once stopping at a tavern in St. Clairsville, and asking the route to a vast number of places, in various directions, was told to go to Wheeling and take the National road or river up or down. Getting irritated at the repetition, he asked, "If I wish to go to h—l which route shall I take?" "Well Wheeling, I guess, is about the nearest route." (There was much gambling and other sinfulness there in bygone days—you know.

WHEELING FORTY YEARS AGO.

Although the city was not a tenth as large forty years ago as it is now, yet Wheeling was more widely known then than now, when her nails and glass go everywhere. Ruside, the great "land Admiral," was the leading figure then. He had no education, but he owned more stage lines than any other man in the country at one time. When he was about failing I took a bill of $61 to him. He had nothing to pay with except a horse he would give me for it. He said the boys had been plaguing him and got him to kicking a little. I went to the stable and found him a lively looking chunk of horse, took him and gave a receipt in full, taking him up to McConnel's stable. I told Mr. Mc. he kicked some and he had better be careful. As I was going from him both heels went by my head with a whiz. I had been in my office but a few minutes when Mr. Mc. came running in, his hair standing up in all directions, and stammering out, "come and take that horse away or he will kick my stable down in an hour." I took him to a Mr. McCourtney, who said he would cure him. He kept him for two weeks with his tail tied up to a beam so that his hind legs scarce touched the floor, but when he let him down he made up for lost time. I offered him at auction, but the auctioneer dared not ride him. A reckless fellow offered to do it for a trifle, and I tried him twice; but having to keep at a distance from everybody there were no bids until Mr. McCourtney bid $15. His bill was $10, and the other expenses were $4 25, so I kept 75 cents, mostly cash.

JOHN M. CLARKE, THE LOTTERY DEALER.

John M. Clarke was the Lottery dealer for many years, and made a great deal of money at it; but he was too fond of all kinds of games and lost about as fast as he made it. I did a great deal of printing for him. One rainy day I was passing his office and he called me to come in. It was very dull and he wanted me to play a game with him; told him I did not know how. Why, you can play euchre? No! Old Sledge? No! Brag? No! Chess? No! What can you play, Checkers? Well yes, I played a little at checkers when a boy. Well, let me beat you once. We played. He played according to Hoyle, as he said; but I beat him. You can't do that again. Beat him finally the third time. He jumped up and kicked over the board, exclaiming "You move so d——d awkwardly; no man under heavens can beat you."

Clarke used to have Eastern exchange for sale, and one day I met his brother Albert, who came up to me very seedy and seriously, and asked earnestly if I could tell him where he could get some Eastern funds? I told him John M. probably had some. Well, can you tell me where I can get the Western to buy it with? It was the first time I had been sold in that way, and was too sore to laugh. Albert went to San Francisco where he read the *Times* at Tallant's banking house. He wrote home, "If you kill Wharton and open him you will find railroad iron enough to lay a track from Cumberland to Wheeling."

A HIGH WATER REMINISCENCE.

In the spring of 1836 I boarded at the old frame U.S. Hotel on Water street. The ice had broken up with a flood, and when I went to bed the ice and water were but about four feet from the steps of the house. What trouble there was at such times in getting the passengers and mails across! Sometimes they were detained for days. Now, you have two bridges instead of our little ferry. Well, in the night I was awakened by a noise of tramping below, and thinking the river had suddenly risen into the house, moved my boots in a hurry; went down and it proved a skiff had come across from the Island with the letter mail and a passenger or two. I went to the open door and looked out. The scene was one of the grandest I ever looked on. The steamboats loomed up over us dark and grand as the spectres of the storm. The ice was swept past us and went grating on the frozen shore and against the boats, and together with a harsh, hoarse sound, mingled with which was their heavy thud as they were driven on each other in their fierce march to their death fields in the sunny south. Tall trees, with their roots, were thrown upward, floating with a splash and groan as of the wounded spirits of the mighty waters, swept along the current, while the spray, whitened by the moon just struggling through a pathway in the eastern clouds, flew up toward the dark and sombre western skies.

AN ECCENTRIC CELEBRITY.

All these formed a scene that made us feel that we could "see God in the clouds and hear him in the wind." Just then a little weazen faced figure came sidling up to the door and shaking his fist toward heaven called down the depth of damnation upon the river and all that belonged to it. I looked at the register and there found him registered, Robert J. Walker, Mississippi, Senator of the U. S. He called, then, to know if the stage was ready, as it was important that he should be in Washington. He had been appointed to fill a vacancy. On inquiry it was shown that he had arrived on the Island, and stormed and blustered until the guard and ferryman took a skiff to the upper end of the Island and succeeded, at the risk of their lives, in landing at the mouth of the creek. While coming over he was handling a purse of gold in his pocket; the boat careened and to save himself from falling he had suddenly drawn out his hand and threw the purse in the river. He offered a reward for it, but it is probably there yet. Walker's was a life of change. He was Secretary of the Treasury under Mr. Polk; afterwards went to Europe, spent all his money, joined in the project of the Texas Pacific railroad, resided in New York from 1850 to 1861, where he paid his board by selling the stock of the road at one cent on the dollar. In 1853 he and Leland, of the Metropolitan Hotel, offered me

A MILLION OF THE STOCK

If I would advocate in my paper an appropriation by Congress for its benefits. I thought it too big a boo for so small a horse, and declined. Walker's letter on war finances in 1861 was one of considerable influence, because written under direction of New York stock jobbers. He went to Washington where he lived for a year or two on ten cent meals, and there died.

The crossing of the river, after the bridge was erected, was considerably easier; but a poor girl jumped from it the first year, while the river was on a rampage, went down between two cakes of ice, was thrown up and forward on a cake and floated near the track of Walker's skiff, being taken ashore at Eoff's mill, very wet, cold and disgusted. If she is alive now she can say that she did what no other woman ever did or will do.

[Mr. W. is probably not posted as to later events of the same kind.—ED. INTEL.]

WHEELING FINANCIALLY CONSIDERED.

Wheeling has grown in size and strength since those days, yet you have no great natural resources except coal, not even ordinary aid of railroads; yet you have had less failures and less trouble than any other city in the West, while in 1840, scarce a half dozen men in it escaped bankruptcy. You have men there, men who toil and collect resources and attend to their own business. The property in the Valley of the Creek must be getting valuable, and built up. Mrs. Gooding's and Mrs. Cruger's were about the only houses on the road, in olden days. One of the first advertisements I had in the *Times* was from a man who lived a little beyond there, of his farm for sale, and one of his recommendations was that his stable stood over the creek and the manure would run off without trouble. I suppose you have now about as good gardeners out there as anywhere.

THO'S. HORNBROOK'S PLACE.

We hear occasionally of Mr. T. Hornbrook's place as a very rich one, both for its real worth and for its singularity. I often hear it spoken of by those who have visited it. One incident occurs to me of my first acquaintance with the proprietor. It was long ago, perhaps 1842 or 1843—when he and his brother removed their store from the steamer Merchant to Monroe street. I had been to the wharf very early one morning, and while passing their store on my return it began to rain. Mr. H. stood at the door, and cried: "Come in and get an umbrella! It is going to rain hard." He hoisted a new umbrella. I thanked him, and went on thinking, that was very kind in an entire stranger. That man must be a good Christian. Above the McLure House corner, I saw a little girl holding up her sole article of dress, apparently, except a ragged shawl over her head, drenched with the falling torrent. The kindness I had received, perhaps, induced me to say: "Here, my girl, come under the umbrella." She turned up a sallow, haggard face, with wondering eyes; and a cross, despairing, hating look, kindled to a bright smile, as though it was the first kind word she had ever heard, as she came under. At the corner of Hampden and Fifth a still smaller child, going from Singleton's grocery, had strayed from the crossing and stuck crying in the mud. The miserable waif darted from under the umbrella, brought the other from the mud to the pavement, went back and got the little shoes that had stuck, washed them carefully out and put them on, while the little one brightened up, as the skies did, the short summer shower having passed off. The smallest one went to a house above Judge Caldwell's, on Hampden,—the waif away down Fifth, with a smile on her face, to which it was a stranger, as were the two girls. Mr. Hornbrook and his umbrella had done a power of good. I have known him well for nearly forty years since that morning, and can truly say I have never known a man who has done more acts of Christian kindness and human love.

AN IMPROVIDENT YOUNG MAN.

Some of your readers, not many, will remember Mr. King, who came from Eastern Virginia with a large number of slaves to keep the Virginia Hotel. He had a son George, who put on many airs. He went to see a young Quakeress, whose father was a wealthy farmer of Belmont county. He rode a fine horse, and as he rode up a mulatto boy took his horse, and he spent the evening and night, displaying his pomposity, as he supposed, to the best advantage before the lady and her ancestors. On going away after breakfast he threw the mulatto a half a dollar with a great flourish, which the old gentleman seeing sent the boy to take it back and tell him he had better keep it for he would need it. George did not go there any more, but the slaves were gradually sold and King was broke up. He wanted the half dollar sooner than he expected.

LITERATURE AND SCIENCE IN WHEELING.

Wheeling had a respectable bar and pulpit, but none of its members became noted abroad for either literary or scientific efforts. George McTeirnan was of no profession. He became somewhat noted as an antiquarian, but was too fond of fun to succeed well. A man named Teeters came there to teach some sort of a school. He was a swell and George determined to take him down. He entered into correspondence with him as a young lady, and Teeters exhibited himself very foolishly after the fashion of Malvolio in Shakespeare's Twelfth Night. George appointed him a meeting on the National road, as you go up the hill where he had a boy in girl's clothes, to whom Teeters regularly offered his heart and hand, when a dozen young fellows jumped from the bushes and hooted him home. He left Wheeling the next day, and McTeirnan went as clerk on a steamboat.

WHEELING CELEBRITIES.

Dr. Hullihen won a national reputation as a Surgeon and writer upon that subject; but while I have not followed up the progress of the city in that respect, of late years, I venture to say that none of the children of Wheeling have acquired as high and general a reputation as a writer as Rebecca Harding (Mrs. Davis). She is not a sensationalist, either; but has written with a purpose and strength. Our families were for years neighbors and intimate. As a young lady she was not beautiful, graceful or fluent; but there was about her conversation strong sense and an evidence of reserved force that was very attractive. We took some evening walks to the seminary hill and over towards the then new Crescent mills. Both scenes were grand. From the hill you saw the city buried in its coverlet of smoke and fog with here and there a ghostlike, dim light struggling upward, a bright sheet as of burnished silver, reflecting the moonbeams above it, while the winding river, all silver, floated placidly past the dark western hills. It was a scene that would excite a deep imaginative mind like hers, and it did; but she never gushed or slopped over. Never even exclaimed, how b-e-a-u-t-i-f-u-l! Probably the only case of the kind on record. So was it when looking at the mill with its hundred fires gleaming out on the night, and its hundreds of men stripped to the waist, wielding the great bars like so many bulcans, and listening to the whirl of the wheels, the puff of the steam, and the sound of the vast hammers as they moulded bars in shape. She said never a word; but there she drank the inspiration of "Life in the Iron Mills," and wrote truth in pictures. She has known much since of different scenes and written much of them, with a marked truthfulness, that makes her writings useful and will give them more prominence than those of most writers of the day.

THE STAGE LINES

had their jokes too numerous to mention. When a steamboat arrived the stage office was a good place to study character. Messrs. Stell, Acheson, Newman and Foster often amused themselves with the different characters. One instance I will quote as an illustration. Soon after the Mexican war closed, Gen. Shields, of Illinois, who had made a name, arrived in the same boat with Gen. Pillow, both going to Washington. The former was wrapped in a common traveling coat, and in answer to the question "What name?" replied, "Shields." The other came up in full uniform and replied to the question as though he was issuing a command "Major General Gideon J. Pillow."

FIRST VISIT TO OUR HILLS.

Men's ideas are much affected by their surroundings. Crossing the mountains once with a gentleman who was born and raised in Northwestern Ohio, where they have no hills, he said he had never crossed the mountains or been east of Columbus until he had a family and carriage. He then started with them for the East. After passing Zanesville the hills led him to conclude he was entering the mountains. On past Wheeling, Washington, Brownsville to Uniontown, they became higher and more of them. As he gave his reins to the young hostler he remarked "Well, my boy, I suppose I am most over the mountains, arn't I?" "Well, yes," was the reply, "but there are some right smart rises ahead." When he had reached the top of Laurel Hill, the next morning he thought the boy had told a part of the truth.

A STAGE DRIVER WHO WAS NOT WANTED.

Mr. Sullivant, of Neill, Moore & Co., once gave a profane young scamp a good rebuke. He was at Wheeling a few days, and the fellow came in the office, probably the worse for liquor, and asked for a place as a driver. "Can you drive a stage," said Mr. S. "Well, I can drive a stage plump into h—l." "As we have no lines running in that direction we don't want you." There were many of these annecdotes, some good; but I am running too long.

RIVER REMINISCENCES.

The river, too, had its jokes, by the hundreds, and some that were pretty good. Capt. Lodwick was long on the river. At Guyandotte he took on a passenger who was pronounced by other passengers the homliest man living. The Captain said he had one on deck that was more than a match for him. From words they came to bets, when the Captain went down for his deck-hand, who was named Knight from "dark Monroe." He came up making hideous grimaces which he could do to perfection. "Stop that," exclaimed the Captain, "Come just as God made you. We will beat them any way." Would not all of us gain more by looking and acting naturally, than by affectation or making faces for the world!

Steamboats looked to me much larger and finer in those old days than they do now; but boatmen say they are much improved. Perhaps the assertion frequent on the lips of Mr. McLean, a portrait painter of Wheeling, long ago, is always true, that when young the eyes are very wide open and gradually narrow day by day until they are shut in the last sleep. Hardly, however, is that true in all cases, for we can see many small things a long way behind us. To some, river travel is not pleasant; to me it is. You can converse on a boat—you can only talk on the cars. On the former you can observe—on the latter only look, and there is much to observe on this beautiful river both of what nature has done and what man ought to do. The hundred and fifty millions of dollars sometimes lavished annually by our people in visiting Paris and the Rhine, if spent on this river would throw them so far in the shade that they would never be heard of again.

Randall Brown, formerly a chandler of Wheeling, was a dry genius. Coming up with him on a boat from Cincinnati in 1847, he asked where I was the night before; said he had called at the hotel to see me. Told him I had spent the night at the observatory by invitation of Prof. Mitchell. "What did you see?" I described the moon, planets, fixed and double stars as they appear through the different lenses of the big telescope and then told him that our attention was turned, under the highest power, to a luminous ring that was so far beyond any other stars that it required fifty thousand years for the light to reach this earth.

"How fast did you say light traveled?" said he.

Twelve million miles a minute. "Fifty thousand years! Je-ru-sa-lem; but this is a great country!"

A GENUINE WOMAN.

That night I was kept awake by a child crying. I went in the cabin and leaned my head on the table watching a sallow faced, sickly, despairing man in threadbare attire dandling the crier, which cried the more the more it was tossed. Soon the curtain that divided off the ladies cabin was put aside and a lady stepped out in a loose wrapper and said kindly, "Let me take your baby, sir." She sat down with it and the fount heaven bestows soon hushed the cry to a low, soft sob and then to rest. I recognized the lady as one of Wheeling's most wealthy and beloved young matrons, and watched her at a distance without raising my head. The poor man told the worn old story of emigrating with his young wife from Maryland to Missouri, malarial sickness, a birth and death, failure of crop, and now on his weary way to get back to the old home, a sadder if not a wiser man. She listened with manifest feeling long hours while the little one slept. At length a child's cry came from the ladies cabin. He rose to take the baby, saying, "Your child is crying for you." "Never mind," said she, "it will not hurt her, for she has a mother." The sweet smile with which she said it repaid me for loss of sleep. There was a new lease of life, too, in the face of that care worn man when a day later he thanked humbly his friend and bade her farewell at Wheeling. She walked in the spirit of him who said, "Suffer little children to come unto me."

I thought to have written you more good jokes, but when I thought of one upon anybody else than myself. I was afraid I would tread on some one's corns, and it is too late in the day to raise any unpleasantness in a place that seems as much like home as Wheeling. There is, however, one too good to be lost. A once extensive manufacturer, who has been years away from there, met me one evening going down to the wharf with carpet bag in hand, in 1846, a month or so after the long telegraph wire had been stretched across the river, and asked me where I was going. To Pittsburgh, I replied. I arrived there at seven in the morning, made very little purchases, and took the new and fast passenger steamer "Telegraph" down and arrived home in twenty-four hours from the time we left. At the foot of Monroe street I met the same man again. He said, "Why, I thought you went to Pittsburgh." "I did so," I replied. "How did you get back so quick?" "Came by Telegraph." He looked up at the wire and said earnestly, "How do them blamed things ride anyhow?" I thought it a good joke, at first, but found he was in dead earnest. It was not worse than the fact than one of the lawyers then living there, in good practice, for more than a year refused to believe that the messages left the office, and declared that those received were all guess work. Have you not observed that science, as well as religion, loses more from want of faith than from over credulity. J. S. W.

DIED.

EXLEY.—On Sunday morning, December 9th, 1877, at New Orleans, La., of congestion of the bowels, JABEZ EXLEY, aged 45 years.

Funeral from his late residence, No. 61 Thirty-first street, on Thursday morning at 10 o'clock. Friends of family are respectfully invited to attend. Interment at Mt. Wood.

LIST—On Wednesday morning, December 12, 1877, at 1 o'clock, Mrs. ANN B. LIST, in her 82d year.

Funeral this day (Thursday) at 2 P. M., from her residence on Main street, between Eighth and Ninth. Friends of the family are kindly invited to attend. Interment at Greenwood Cemetery.

LEWIS.—On Wednesday morning, December 12, 1877, at 6 o'clock, EMMA M., infant daughter of W. B. and Sarah C. Lewis, aged one month.

The funeral will take place from her parents' residence, No. 2243 Eoff street, this afternoon at 2 o'clock. Friends of the family are invited to attend.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

FOR SALE.

TRUSTEE'S SALE.

By virtue of a Deed of Trust made by J. E. Parker, dated August 2d, 1876, recorded in Deed of Trust Book No. 11, page 56, of the land records of Ohio county, West Virginia, I will sell at the front door of the Court House of said county, on

SATURDAY, the 19th day of January, 1878,

Commencing at 10 o'clock A. M., the following property: Lot numbered eighteen in Parker Bros' addition to the city of Wheeling, as laid out by W. C. Smith, Surveyor, fronting twenty-five feet on the National Road and extending back the same width to Grand View street.

Terms of sale cash.

W. H. CALDWELL, Trustee.
W. J. W. COWDEN, Solicitor. de11

TRUSTEE'S SALE OF LOTS.

By virtue of a Deed of Trust made by John E. Parker, J. N. J. Parker and S. P. Parker, to me as Trustee, dated August 19th, 1875, recorded in Deed of Trust Book No. 11, page 142, of the land records of Ohio county, West Virginia, I will sell at the front door of the Court House of said county, on

SATURDAY, the 19th day of January, 1878,

Commencing at 10 o'clock A. M., the following described property: Sixty-nine lots in Parker Bros' addition to the city of Wheeling, as surveyed by W. C. Smith, being numbered from one to seventy-eight, except the lots numbered 9, 10, 16, 17, 18, 19, 23, 24 and 58.

TERMS OF SALE—One-half cash, the balance in six months, evidenced by negotiable notes bearing interest from day of sale.

W. H. CALDWELL, Trustee.
W. J. W. COWDEN, Solicitor. de11

TRUSTEE'S SALE.

By virtue of three several deeds of trust made and executed by John E. Parker, Joseph N. J. Parker and Simon P. Parker to the undersigned Trustee, dated respectively on the 3d day of July, 1874, the 8th day of September, 1874, and the 19th day of August, 1876, and duly recorded in the Clerk's office of the County Court of Ohio county, West Virginia, in Deed of Trust Book No. 7, pages 148 and 149, Deed of Trust Book No. 7, pages 380 and 381, and Deed of Trust Book No. 11, page 135, respectively, I will, on

SATURDAY, the 19th day of January, 1878,

Beginning at 10 o'clock A. M. of said day, at the front door of the Court House of Ohio county, in the city of Wheeling, sell at public auction the following described real estate, that is to say: Lots numbered Thirteen (13) and Fourteen (14) on the east side of Main street, between Twenty-fifth street (formerly Marshall) and Twenty-sixth street (formerly Division), in that part of the city of Wheeling known as Centre Wheeling together with all the improvements upon said two lots and the hereditaments and appurtenances belonging thereto.

TERMS OF SALE—One-third of the purchase money in cash, and the remainder in two equal installments at one year and two years from the day of sale, with interest on said deferred installments from said day, the purchaser to give security for the deferred payments to be approved by the Trustee.

de11 JAMES P. ROGERS, Trustee.

TRUSTEE'S SALE.

By virtue of a deed of Trust made by Casper Saft and Mary, his wife, to the undersigned Trustee, dated the 1st day of January, 1874, and duly recorded in the Clerk's office of the County Court of Ohio county, West Virginia, in Deed of Trust and Mortgage Book No. 4, pages 405 and 406, I will on

FRIDAY, the 28th day of December, 1877,

Beginning at 10 o'clock A. M. of said day, at the front door of the Court House of Ohio county, in the city of Wheeling; sell at public auction all the following described property, that is to say: All that certain piece of land lying and being on the waters of Glen's Run, in said county of Ohio, and being part of the land belonging to the late Andrew P. Woods and adjoining the lands of William J. Welshaus, the heirs of David Gardner, deceased, and the heirs of Andrew P. Woods, deceased, containing 18 acres, 3 roods and 10 perches, and bounded and described as follows, viz: Beginning at an elm corner to Garden and Reilly on the Woods' line; thence up the Run Road S 60¾° E 214-100 poles and S 42¾° E 20 poles to a stake on the south side of said road, thence S 13° E 16 24-100 poles to a stake; thence S 2° E 18 86-100 poles to a stake; thence S 81° W 47 78-100 poles to a corner to said Welshaus on original tract line and with his line and said tract line S 67° W 23 84-100 poles to original corner of tract now a corner on the line of said Garden and with his line (another original) S 2° E 83 46-100 poles to the beginning, together with the improvements thereon and the hereditaments and appurtenances belonging thereto, excepting only the coal underlying the said tract.

TERMS OF SALE—Three hundred dollars of the purchase money in cash on the day of sale, and the residue of the said purchase money on the 1st day of January, 1878, with interest on the deferred installments from the day of sale until payment; the purchaser to give good personal security for the payment of said deferred installments and the title to the property to be retained until the purchase money is fully paid.

The title to the above property is believed to be unexceptionable.

no26 JAMES P. ROGERS, Trustee.

TRUSTEE'S SALE.

By virtue of a Deed of Trust made and executed by Balsater Schott and wife to the undersigned Trustee, bearing date the 14th day of August, in the year 1876, and duly recorded in the Clerk's office of the County Court of Marshall county, West Virginia, in Deed of Trust Book No. 2, page 113, I will sell at public sale at the front door of the Court House of Ohio county, in the city of Wheeling, on

SATURDAY, the 15th day of December, 1877,

Beginning at 10 o'clock A. M. of said day, all the following described real estate, that is to say:

The north half of that lot or parcel of land situate in Marshall county, W. Va., containing 100 acres, more or less, which was conveyed to Chas. W. Russell by deed bearing date the 28th day of October, 1850, from Daniel Lamb, commissioner, under a certain decree of the Circuit Court for Ohio county, the said lot being part of the bottom land of Boggs' Farm, and being lot number four (4) on the plat marked A, in a suit in chancery in which the General Insurance Company of Maryland was complainant and E. Zane, administratrix, and Moses W. Chapline, executor and heirs, and other defendants, and between Wm. Chapline, complainant, and the said administratrix, executor and heirs and others defendants, lying next below the land of John Handlan, and said lot being divided into two equal parts by a division line between John Kohnlein and Peter Lonhart, deceased drawn across the same from east to west, parallel with and at equal distance from the northern and southern boundaries of said lot No. four (4), all that part which lies north of that division line is hereby conveyed.

TERMS OF SALE—$2500, or as much more of the purchase money as the purchaser may elect to pay, cash on day of sale, the residue in one year from the date of sale, with interest upon said deferred payment from said day of sale, and the purchaser to give his note secured by deed of trust on the said property for said deferred payment.

WM. C. HANDLAN, Trustee.
By GEO. P. LINCH, Solicitor.
WM. H. HALLER, Auctioneer. no13

TRUSTEE'S SALE.

By virtue of three several deeds of trust executed and acknowledged by H. Bradley Wheat and Virginia H. his wife, to the undersigned Trustee, dated respectively the 30th day of March, 1871, the 11th day of July, 1874, and the 8th day of November, 1875, and each of record in the Clerk's office of the County Court of Ohio county, West Virginia, in Deed of Trust Book No. 6, pages 494 and 495, Deed of Trust Book No. 7, pages 189, 190 and 191, and Deed of Trust Book No. 9, page 417, respectively, I will offer at public sale at the front door of the Court House of Ohio county, in the city of Wheeling, on

SATURDAY, December the 15th, 1877,

the following described real estate, that is to say: Lot numbered seven (7) in square numbered twenty-nine (29) in the addition to the city of Wheeling known as the Buena Vista addition to said city; also, Lot numbered eight (8) in the same square and addition; also, Lot numbered nine (9) in said square and addition, except a part of said Lot No. 9 twenty-five by thirty-five feet which was heretofore conveyed to Michael Lally.

Also, the lot of ground designated as Lot numbered seven (7) in square numbered twenty-three (23) on the south side of Twelfth street (formerly Monroe street), in said city of Wheeling.

Also, all of that lot or parcel of ground known and designated as Lot numbered two (2) in square numbered twenty-nine (29) on Twelfth street (formerly Monroe street), in the city of Wheeling, together with all the valuable improvements located upon all the above described parcels of ground.

TERMS OF SALE—One-third of the purchase money in cash on the day of sale, and the residue in two equal installments with interest on said deferred payments at twelve and eighteen months from the day of sale, the payment of the deferred installments and interest to be secured to the satisfaction of the Trustee.

JAMES P. ROGERS, Trustee.
W. H. HALLER, Auctioneer. no13